



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

**HOW ABOUT "FOR SALE"
AND "FOR RENT" SIGNS?**

THE CYMBAL heartily agrees with the sentiment of what we are given to understand is a majority of real estate dealers in regard to the placarding of vacant lots and houses with "For Sale" and "For Rent" signs. We understand that at recent informal and, perhaps, unofficial gatherings of the real estate brokers, the consensus has been that besides the fact that real estate signs are objectionable to the eye, they are also of no profit to the owners, agents or renters of property. It appears that the brokers have figured it out that signs, in fact, are detrimental to the welfare of all concerned. They say that prospective buyers are more inclined to be turned away from vacant property defaced by a sign, than to be drawn to the agent who so advertises it. They say that often prospective renters, who answer "for rent" signs stuck up by the owners of the houses bearing them, pay a higher rent than they would have done had they gone to an agent.

THE CYMBAL knows little about this angle of the matter, but it does know that the signs are not things of beauty and, if the use of them becomes a general practice, the town could very well look like just so many streets in a sideshow.

We would welcome expressions of opinion on the part of real estate brokers, and will gladly open our columns to a discussion on the subject.

**RED CROSS REPORT INDICATES
WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW**

More and more as the days go by it will become increasingly evident to Carmel that the opening of the so-called Carmel-San Simeon Highway means just about the same thing as would have been 50 years ago the picking up of an isolated village and setting it plump down alongside a through railroad.

Up until last month, and ever since its existence, Carmel has been at the far end of a *cul-de-sac*. If you came here it was because you had some definite purpose in coming here. It was a trip off the main-traveled way. You had to go back the same way you came. It wasn't on the line of march to some destination farther along.

The opening of the coast road changes all this—radically changes it. Carmel has now become just a stop-over place for hundreds of motorists, going and coming up and down the state. A brief stop-over, may we be thankful, for a majority of them, but a much-too-long stopover for some of the others. Most of these others are motorists only by grace of a jerking thumb.

The first semi-official cognizance of the new problem is voiced by the Carmel chapter of the American Red Cross. In a recent outline of the activities of the organization, submitted for discussion by the board of directors, the executive secretary called attention to the "increasing problem of transients". The notation read in regard to this problem: "Although tramps, it still seems our duty to at least keep them from being hungry. Yet they obviously pass the word along and others come, and with the new road open they are be-

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CARMEL CYMBAL

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5 CENTS

School Taxpayers To Talk Budget Monday

Next Monday evening at the Sunset School taxpayers of the district are invited to gather and talk over the proposed budget for the school and the necessary tax rate to raise the amount, with the members of the board of trustees of the district. A. G. E. Hanke, chairman of the board, will preside.

The school trustees recently announced that the probable school tax rate would be 38 cents this year as against 34 cents last year. They outlined several necessary improvements which required this increase and will go further into details about them at this meeting Monday night.

Dairies Have Their Cream Troubles

She walked into the Carmel Dairy, out of an automobile with a mid-western license plate on same. She presented a quart thermos bottle. She asked that it be filled with coffee. And with cream and sugar in it. It was so done. "How much?" she asked. "Twenty-five cents," was the answer. "But don't you advertise 'all you can drink for ten cents'?" "Yes—but—" She laid down a dime. "There's your ten cents," she said, and walked out.

That's not all the Carmel Dairy troubles. For instance, you know they give you a whole little pitcher of cream, luscious cream, with a cup of coffee (so does McDonald's Dairy, for that matter) and you are supposed to be decent enough to use only what you require for your coffee. Well, there was a woman last summer who appeared daily with a small basket of strawberries. She ordered a cup of coffee. She hulled the strawberries on the table in the booth. She lifted the cup of coffee from the saucer. She put the strawberries in the saucer. She took what cream was necessary for her coffee. She poured the rest of the pitcher of cream over the strawberries. She paid ten cents on departing. She had consumed, in return for this, and as a gift from the dairy, about 15 cents worth of cream and a cup of coffee.

And, then there are the women who, the dairy says, will drink their coffee and pour the rest of the cream into the emptied cup, and drink that.

Earl Graft, who runs the place, says it's always the feminine gender that gyps him. There's a chance that it may be retaliation.

BOB HAS LITTLE BLUE LIGHT TO PLAY WITH

Notice that little blue light bulb doing a sort of tight-rope stunt across the junction of Ocean avenue and Dolores street?

That's Bob's. It's to supplement the red light, farther out toward the center of the street. It appears that the police can't always see the red light when calls for help are sent in and the signal flashes on. But this new blue light in addition will get 'em, Bob figures. It flickers, or staggers, or jumps on and off, or however you say it. It's a great little gadget, interesting, fascinating to Bob. Now if he can only get the lock-up, life's cup will be filling up near the brim. They could have reduced his salary instead of raising it and Bob would have stayed on—just for the joy of the job.

Honestly, Tennis Courts Will Open Tomorrow!

We have even offered to go up and sit on the white line to prove that the courts, those muchly-heralded tennis courts of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, will actually be played on tomorrow. Last week we said that the tournament would start early this week and that the finals and semi-finals would be Saturday and Sunday. The whole affair seems to be semi-final and we are getting to the point that we won't believe anything connected with tennis until we see the lucky person who gets the Cup of Honor for the Men's Singles (a gift of By Ford, by the way) paraded down Ocean avenue in full regalia.

All fooling aside, the courts didn't get their final rolling until yesterday and were lined yesterday afternoon. George Seideneck and Spencer Kern are starting the ball rolling as early as they can this morning so you can take THE CYMBAL out of your post box and rush up to the courts to cheer your favorite on. Herbert Heron is donating the Cup for the women and the Carmel Business Association will fork over enough to take care of two cups for the doubles teams, mixed and men's.

The finals will be played Sunday afternoon starting at 1 o'clock. There will be official opening and christening ceremonies with Mayor Everett Smith and the members of the City Council present and judging from all the beatings that the private courts have been taking this summer there should be some good fast tennis.

Red Cross Shows New Ambulance Tomorrow

Carmel's Red Cross ambulance arrived in town yesterday.

Tomorrow afternoon, from 2 to 5 o'clock, it will be on display at the new fire house on Sixth street. Miss Clara G. Hinds you will find there as the prideful head of the reception committee. C. W. Lee, Chairman of the Carmel chapter, certainly should be there. He is giving a great deal to the Red Cross and to what it is accomplishing, and what tribute is paid to it tomorrow he should share.

Lee and Col. T. B. Taylor, who is, or was, chairman of the ambulance committee, went to Oakland Wednesday to view the completed ambulance, accepting it, so to speak, for the Red Cross chapter.

The ambulance is quite an affair. We have been reliably informed that the firm of Burkey & Whitaker of Oakland sought to outdo themselves in the production of this special vehicle, and that they well

(Continued on Page Nine)

OLD TREE AT CARMEL THEATRE CORNER KNOCKED DOWN TO PON CHUNG

The old, sick, bedraggled tree is gone. The oak that stood at the Carmel Theatre corner and cast its shadow on Walt Pilot's place has been dug up, or cut down, and is no more. Its remains rest in the front yard of the residence of Pon Chung on San Carlos street. Eventually they will, we assume, go up in smoke in Pon Chung's cooking apparatus.

COUNCIL TO CALL ON CITY CLERK TO PAY LOSSES CAUSED BY HER BOOK ERRORS

The next chapter in the now-famous Carmel audit mystery will probably be written at the regular meeting of the city council next Wednesday evening, August 4.

It could bear the title: "City Demands Return of Lost Funds."

It is practically certain that sometime during that meeting a resolution, or a motion, or whatever it takes under the law to accomplish the purpose, will be adopted or passed, calling upon Miss Saidee Van Brower, city clerk, to replenish the city treasury with the sum total of \$2,634.77, claimed by the auditor, Clayton L. Shaff, to be the exact amount of monies lost to the city through the omission of assessments, penalties unimposed and interest not charged in improvement district accounts.

The assumption that this will occur is based on the following facts and expectations:

First: That Miss Van Brower will be unable to show that the auditor has made errors in the audit.

Second: That George P. Ross, special counsel employed for investigation of the matter, has rendered it as his opinion that the city clerk, and only the city clerk, is responsible for all errors occurring in the assessments and consequently responsible to the city for the loss of the above sum of \$2,634.77.

Although they will not definitely say, or will permit themselves to be quoted in the matter, it is certain that all members of the city council believe that Miss Van Brower will be unable to break down the auditor's report. It is considered by the council members, as well as by most citizens who have followed the matter, that the audit will stand as it is.

Therefore, on the authority of the opinion of the special counsel officially employed, the council will be within its rights; in fact, be exercising its responsibility, in demanding that the clerk provide the city with the money claimed by the auditor to have been lost through her errors.

As was previously stated by City Attorney Argyll Campbell, in his telegraphic opinion on the audit, she may obtain a part of the money from taxpayers whose assessments were allegedly omitted, on whom penalties were not imposed, and who did pay interest on the deferred payments.

But both Campbell and Ross agree that Miss Van Brower is responsible to the city for the money.

The city council next Wednesday night will in all probability demand it of her or of her bondsmen.

DR. BETHUNE TALKS FOR SPANISH LOYALISTS

Dr. Norman Bethune spoke last night at the Greene Studio on Lincoln street, under the auspices of the Medical Bureau to Aid-Spanish Democracy. Bethune is a noted Canadian surgeon and has just returned from seven months in Spain aiding the Loyalist cause. He was in charge of the Spanish-American Blood Transfusion Institute, established near Madrid. Dr. Bethune feels that America should know more of the situation abroad and particularly the Loyalist-Rebel set-up. According to the Doctor, the Loyalist army is 500,000 strong and 85 per cent Spanish. The Rebel army, under General Franco, includes 125,000 Italians, 25,000 Germans, 50,000 Portuguese, 50,000 Moors, 100,000 Spanish and 100,000 other nationalities.

Beatrice Perry, well known in the theater and in theatrical doings around the Bay Region, was a guest of Muriel Combs at her Hatton Fields home last week.

Hal Burdick, of "Night Editor" fame on the radio, and his wife, spent several days at Highlands Inn last week. Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Engle (Engle is master of ceremonies for "Treasure Island") were also at the Inn.

COUNCIL AUTHORIZES THE HOUSING AND MANNING OF AMBULANCE

Carmel's city council made provision at a special meeting Wednesday afternoon officially to put the Red Cross ambulance in operation with a crew of Carmel firemen. Two motions were passed to this end. One gave official sanction to the housing of the new ambulance in the fire house, and the other gave authority to first-aid men in the fire department to man it and go wherever suffering humanity calls, either inside the city or out.

GIRLS "STEAL" GAS TO CLEAN SHOES

Three girls paused in front of the pumps of the Standard Oil service station at Ocean avenue and San Carlos yesterday morning. The spouts of the gasoline service hoses hung restfully, pointing skyward. Remnants of the last discharge of gasoline hung on their lips. One of the girls looked down at her not-spotless white shoes. She drew forth her handkerchief, touched it to the lip of one of the spouts and cleaned her shoes. By the time all six shoes of all three girls were cleaned, the gasoline hose spouts were dry.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Macdonald are spending the week at the Brooks' cottage "Sheltering Pines" on Casanova street.

coming a menace. Perhaps we should not encourage them by helping them. Whether to help them or call attention of the police to them" is the problem.

There you have it. It will get worse, not better. It is something we have never had to face heretofore. When the only way to Carmel was by way of Monterey, we had the Monterey police to thank for turning back objectionable characters. And even if they got by the Monterey police, they were stopped at the bottom of the Ocean avenue hill and sent back.

But now we have the whole of southern California as a source of trouble for us. There will be the business gangsters, as predicted by Fred Bechdolt, and there will be the other kind as already indicated by the Red Cross report.

Of course, putting us on a highway, as would be putting us on a railroad, will bring business to Carmel that is good business, will bring new prospective purchasers of real estate, will, without doubt, give new impetus to the growth and commercial prosperity of the city. But as always happens with the flow of dollars, there is the sediment that slithers along with the current. We can't get the dollars and escape the sediment. We might just as well get used to cutting the term "village" out of our vocabulary.

Carmel begins to be a city now, and with all the joys and sorrows that go with it. Those of us who knew and loved it for what it was must either decide to grin and bear it, or trek down the coast somewhere and dig back into the mountains.

As for our near neighbors, Senator Tickle and his Inn are probably pleased. We have our doubts about the rest of The Highlands.

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JUST WHAT AILS MR. PERI OF MARYSVILLE

Dear CYMBAL:

I have revisited Carmel after an absence of several years. I found it picturesque and quaint as always, but I cannot understand (perhaps you can tell me) why it seems to be the chosen spot for women.

Unartistic women, women with too many years on their shoulders and no life in their hearts who insist upon wrapping 'bandanas' about their heads, venturing forth in play suits or badly tailored sport clothes pathetically sunburned.

Ocean Avenue seemed to be lined at all hours of the day with women going up and down, back and forth, in and out of Tea Rooms and shops, the majority with a gloomy, weary tired expression the antithesis of healthy beauty, taste and charm.

Why, I would like to know, do all these women without a definite scope or interest, so spiritually unelastic, who do not seem fit for the delightfulness of Carmel, conglomerate there?

Carmel has charm, can offer as much as some of the smaller European resorts—Ascona near Locarno in Switzerland, Taormina in Sicily and some of the Tyrol villages but one certainly does not think of those places as the Paradise of the middle-aged women.

Why is there such a disharmony between Carmel and its women as I recently saw them?

Can any Carmelite enlighten me on the subject?

Marysville, Calif. V. PERI

The above letter was received by THE CYMBAL last week and clearly intended for publication. As a matter of fact, it arrived "special delivery" last Thursday just about as were going to press. It was accompanied by a note requesting that we

send two copies of the issue in which it was printed. We so intend.

The issue will carry to Mr. Peri our fervent query as to what in hell is the matter with him. His letter, and accompanying note, indicated that his visit to Carmel had been very recent. So we walked out of the post office after reading them, took our stand alongside the chimney sweep and scanned the rialto.

The more we scanned, the more we became surprised at Mr. Peri's mental processes. The more we scanned the more we became amused at them. The more we scanned, the more we found ourselves getting mightily mad at them—so we quit and came back to the office thinking first to suggest Mr. Peri's commitment to a psychopathic ward somewhere, but finally deciding that as long as he lives in Marysville why wish him any iller luck.

But what we saw in scanning Ocean avenue led us to the conclusion that Carmel had more women to the square inch with a definite scope of interest and spiritual elasticity than Mr. Peri and the Ladies Aid of the First Christian Church in Marysville could muster through biological processes in a couple of eons. We arrived at this through personal identification of most of the women we saw—the Carmel women. As for the others, whom we couldn't recognize, we wouldn't know—they were not Carmel women, having come to us for the fog and the sand dunes, for relief from the stultifying atmosphere of—well, say, Marysville.

We saw, to mention a few, Susan Porter, Hester Schoeninger, Camilla Daniels, Elizabeth Niles, Abbie Lou Bosworth, Emilie Coote, Gwen Stearns, Dene Denny, and we knew, if we could shove an eye around a corner or two, we would see Hazel Watrous, Thelma Miller, Katherine Nelson, Marian Shand, Clara Kellogg, Lynda Sargent, Grace Flanders, to name about one-half of one per cent of our Carmel women, "gloomy, weary tired expression the antithesis of healthy beauty, taste and charm."

We'd like Mr. Peri to get into the center of a group of them and rattle off his "women without a definite scope of interest, so spiritually inelastic."

Oh Boy! Oh Boy!

—W. K. B.

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Perry-Mansfield Mountain Camp Open Again

Two former Carmel residents, Charlotte Perry and Portia Mansfield, have launched the 23rd season of their Rocky Mountain camp at Steamboat Springs, Colorado, and announce an intensive program in dance, drama and music as well as horsemanship for July and August.

Bay region dancers who will study there with Doris Humphrey include Mary Tiffany of Palo Alto and Maxine Cushing of San Francisco, both members of the Allied Dance Group. They plan to leave next Tuesday, by automobile.

The Perry-Mansfield Summer School of Theatre Arts will conclude its program with a Dance-Drama Festival and a fiesta featuring a Horse Show and Exhibition Riding August 28 and 29.

Drama activity will include an original dramatization of John Galsworthy's short stories, produced by Charlotte Perry and Wallace Dow of the Pasadena Community Playhouse, and scenes from "Fever Island" by Dr. Shailer U. Lawton of New York University.

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADs rent rooms, wash dishes, find cats and bring wandering boys home.

Here Is What Went Over NBC Network In Addition to Music of Bach

Carmel went on the air last Sunday night. We were heard at 8:30 o'clock through the Pacific area; at 9:30 o'clock Mountain time; 10:30 or 11:30, Central time (depending on whether daylight saving was in force or not), and 11:30 or 12:30 Eastern time (also depending on the d.s.t.). Following is a stenographic record of the broadcast by John Ribble, NBC announcer, from Carmel Mission:

This week the famous art colony of Carmel is presenting its third annual Bach Festival in celebration of a music which the world has judged the greatest of all music.

We are speaking from historic Carmel Mission, founded by Father Junipero Serra in 1770 on the Northern coast of California.

In a few moments we bring you a performance of Bach's sacred cantata, "Gottes Zeit, "God's Time Is Best," presented by the music-loving residents of Carmel.

In the Mission tower above us the bells are ringing.

We pause a moment that you may hear these ancient bells that have sounded in Carmel Valley for many generations.

(Bells for a few seconds)

The Bach Festival in Carmel is unique, for its participants come from every walk in village life.

Mayor Smith sings in the chorus; Andrew Sessink, the leading tenor, greases cars at a service station; Noel Sullivan, patron of the arts, brings in eggs from his ranch up the valley and stays for chorus rehearsal; Joe Clague, the village butcher, sings bass; William Bishop, a cook, sings in the chorus and plays his violin in the orchestra; one cellist runs an auto camp; from every part of Carmel men and women, young and old, have come to take part in the festival.

Michel Penha, eminent cellist and conductor, directs the festival performances. Soloists tonight are Alice Mock, soprano; Evelyn Snow, contralto; Andrew Sessink, tenor; John Daggett Howell, bass-baritone; Grace Thomas, flutist, and Ralph Linsley, pianist.

We give a brief word regarding the setting of tonight's presentation of the Bach cantata.

Carmel Mission, glorious monument to Father Junipero Serra, stands like a sentinel of the past in Carmel Valley—to the east rise the Santa Lucia mountains and westward we look down on the sweeping surf of the Pacific.

Around the Mission are still growing many of the old pear trees planted by the fathers more than a hundred years ago.

The Mission Church is a long, narrow building with walls of sandstone five feet thick. The interior is of Moorish design and is graced with four bells in the tower. Outside the walls curve inward as they rise to meet the arched ceiling.

Many relics of Mission days adorn the Church. Before the great arched entrance stands a statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Just inside the entrance is Father Serra's confessional box, the first confessional box in California, hand carved with rawhide upholstery. The baptismal font was carved out of native sandstone by the Indians.

Passing down the single aisle, separating the benches of the worshippers, we reach the altar

rail and see above the image of Christ on the Cross. Within this sanctuary lies Father Junipero Serra, founder of the Mission.

This evening an audience of visitors from all parts of the country wait to witness the concluding performance in the Bach Festival series. A soft ethereal light fills the church—from recesses in the walls candles send out pale beams lighting up the faces of the singers as they stand before the altar steps ready to sing Bach's cantata, "God's Time Is Best," in the sanctity of historic Carmel Mission.

(Cantata for nearly a half-hour)

We who have been privileged to listen to this inspiring music in old Carmel Mission have felt that the great master, Johann Sebastian Bach, lives again.

Bach's cantata, "God's Time Is Best," has been presented by the music-loving people of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Tonight's performance concludes the Third Annual Bach Festival, the outgrowth of five years of community music-making in this famous art colony.

Michel Penha, eminent cellist and conductor, directed the orchestra and chorus. The soloists were Alice Mock, soprano; Evelyn Snow, contralto; Andrew Sessink, tenor; John Daggett Howell, bass-baritone; Grace Thomas, flutist, and Ralph Linsley, pianist.

This Bach Festival Concert has been presented from Mission Carmelo in California as a Blue Network feature of the National Broadcasting Company.

DOC STANIFORD WOULD MATCH MIYAMOTO AND SHERIDAN TODAY

Doc Staniford is trying to cook up a baseball game for this afternoon at the Sunser School grounds. He has a great idea and there is a possibility that it will work. He wants two teams, respectively captained by John Sheridan, son of Frank, up from the south for a visit, and Ky Miyamoto, of truck garden and other fame, who slings a mean arm and wields a mean bat. Tal Josselyn and By Ford seem to have been drawn in on Doc's scheme, but we are going to press too soon to be able to give the details. If you think it's worth it, you might amble down to the Sunser grounds this afternoon on a chance it will happen.

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Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
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The Carmel Cymbal

Our Cobbler Gets Tough With Us; He Is Downed

We stopped at the sun-flecked doorway of the village shoe repairer to extend to him our generally genial wishes for a good morning. He looked up.

"I'm going to give you an ad in a few weeks," he said.

"What for?" we countered, grammatically.

"Well—"

"But you don't have to advertise. You're the only shoe first- and second-aider in town."

"Yes, but—that's just it—so many people think—"

And then he went on—in detail. He's a man for detail—is C. W. Wentworth. He originated in that country where people voted for a man named Landon last November. He believes in precision, labored, perhaps, but persistent, and final.

"That's just it," he went on. "I'm the only shoe repairer in town, but that doesn't give me the right to do poor work. I—"

We couldn't take this. We said: "We didn't say that because you are the only shoe repairer in town you could do poor work; we said that because you're the only shoe doctor in town you don't have to—"

But that didn't accomplish much—the New Englander was started and he was agointago. He showed us how little people know about what keeps a new sole on, or together. He showed us that that stitch you see on the outside, or the ground side of a new sole isn't the stitch that keeps the sole on, or together. He showed us how his stitching machine makes an extra stitch, or knot right in the middle of the sole; how, even though you wear off the outside stitch, the sole stays put. He did it first fast with the stitcher, and then slow motion, and then he sliced a slab of sewed leather and showed us that inside stitch.

Then he showed us some shoes that hadn't hardly anything left to them but the eyelets for the laces, and he said people expected him to make 'em wearable again. How could he do it? We bit—how could he do it? Because there he was doing it, right before our bi-focaled eyes.

So, here goes:

The Village Shoe Repairer is located in the tail end of the new Leidig building on San Carlos street, in between the funny-looking guy who runs McDonald Dairy and the red-headed bloke who half-runs George & Mark's Barber shop. He puts stitches in the middle of the soles, as well as the outside of 'em, and he attaches uppers and soles and heels to eyelets and they wear.

There's your ad, you New Englander, "there she stands," and we're making no note of it in the ledger.

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Carol Eppiner and Dorothy Howard ran away from the fog in Sausalito to find a bit more fog in Carmel. However, a couple of warm days on the white sands of the beach make up for all the rest, we hope.

Easterners Write to Tell Us How Much They Enjoyed Bach Festival on the Air

Tuesday evening at 9 o'clock Dorothea Castellion found in her post office box an air mail letter from her sister, teacher of the piano, mailed in Boston on the previous morning—Monday. On the back of the envelope was written:

"Mon. a.m. Heard Carmel broadcast last night. One-half hour of it. Thrilling!"

Then, the letter inside read:

"First and foremost I want to tell you what a beautiful edition the Bach Festival CYMBAL is, and, interesting from beginning to end. I have read every word. The cover is very striking and the whole paper is worth much more than five cents."

"The Bach programs are fine. Wish I could hear them all. To me, there is something very satisfying and 'calming' about Bach's music, and when Beethoven and Mozart bring back too many painful memories, I turn to Bach for comfort."

"In all my years of teaching, I have never had a pupil who really liked to practice Bach and yet in later years they have come back to me and told me they 'loved' his music. One really has to study it to get the depths and grandeur of his wonderful harmonies weaving in and out, and ending finally in one grand chord."

"I can't explain it, but you may understand what I mean."

"There is a broadcast tonight at 12:30 of the final concert and I am hoping to hear at least part of it. You may be sure I shall be thinking of you as much as the music, knowing you are so near to it."

Andrew Sessink, tenor in the Festival, received wires from his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sessink, at Grand Rapids, Michigan, telling him that his voice came to them clear and strong. He also heard from his former teacher, Reese Beach, there, congratulating him on his singing in the broadcast concert.

Camilla Daniels received a telegram from her aunt at Whitehall, Michigan, sent Monday morning and reading: "Wild storm here, but lovely music came through beautifully."

Household Arts To Be Advanced By County Fair

Mrs. George E. MacDonald, 101 Hoffman street, Monterey, will again be superintendent of the Household Arts and Sciences Department of the coast counties fair at Monterey, August 12 to 15, inclusive, on the new fair-owned grounds on the Castroville Highway side of the race track. Mrs. MacDonald's acceptance was announced by Trefle R. La Senay, fair manager.

All classes of this department will be expanded this year, according to Manager La Senay, and provision will be made for an attractive booth section in which to house the articles exhibited by the women of Monterey and adjacent counties. Adequate fire and guard protection also will be provided.

Hundreds of dollars in prize money is offered for the first and second prize winners of the various classes in Household Arts and Household Science. These classes include canned fruits, preserves, jams, jellies, pickled fruits and vegetables, bread and rolls and cakes and pastries in the household science division, and hundreds of articles in the household arts division. Many new sections have been added and premiums have been increased in a number of sections.

The fair management will lend every assistance to Mrs. MacDonald to make this department one of the most outstanding of this year's fair, and participation is particularly desired from women of all towns of Monterey County and adjacent counties.

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John Jordan was host to Alice Mock and John Daggett Howell at Pine Inn during the Bach Festival.

They Say It's MeJico, But Say It's Nice

Who said MeXico? It's MeJico!

And if you don't believe it, ask Mr. Punte. And Mr. Punte should know.

For Mr. Punte is general passenger agent of the National Railways of MeJico who, together with the Southern Pacific, is arranging a party in the form of a dinner dance at Del Monte to be known as "Media Noche en MeJico."

Now "Media Noche en MeJico" means something about "Midnight in Mexico." And, anyway, those in Carmel who attended "Jubilee in Panama" last Saturday night will get the idea what it's all about.

The "Media Noche en MeJico" affair is being staged on Friday August 6 in the Bali Room. This time peninsula residents will get a whiff of Mexican air combined with chili sauce and frijoles. The hallway leading into the Bali Room will be transformed into a typical street in Mexico City with vendors, tortilla makers and sleeping peons. Inside the Bali Room, a fast and furious floor show will be staged.

The train for MeJico leaves at 9 p.m., and passengers should make reservations or they'll find themselves standing on the platform.

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Galt Bell came up from Hollywood last night to direct the dress rehearsal for "Tatters" at the First Theater. Bell is busy with "The Drunkard" in the south and can not stay away from his first-born for very long. However, he has an able production manager in Connie Clappett and Connie has been hard at work brushing 'em up on their lines and larnin' Ross Miller to be the Major.

New, Fascinating Books in Library

Here are some of the new books you can borrow from the Carmel Library:

Foster, *American Dream*; Roberts, *Northwest Passage*; Gardner, *Case of the Dangerous Dowager*; Bradley, *Pattern of Three*; Albee, *Young Robert*; La Pierre, *Son of Han*; Franken, *Of Great Riches*; Remarque, *Three Comrades*; Gordon, *None Shall Look Back*; Tomlinson, *Pipe All Hands*; Forester, *Beat to Quarters*; Silone, *Bread and Wine*.

Gulbransen, *Wind from the Mountains*; Woolf, *The Years*; Stong, *Buckskin Breeches*; Hauck, *Without Charm, Please*; Goudge, *City of Bells*; Binns, *The Laurels Are Cut Down*; Aldis, *Time at Her Heels*; Meersch, *Invasion*; Loring, *As Long as I Live*; Rinehart, *Married People*; Gale, *Light Woman*; Sayers, *Busman's Honeymoon*.

Lopez, *El Indio*; Forbes, *Paradise*; Hilton, *We Are Not Alone*; Richter, *Sea of Grass*; Garth, *Four Men and a Prayer*; Williams, *Crucible*; Wren, *Spur of Pride*; Haycox, *Trouble Shooter*; Maugham, *Theatre*; Brinig, *The Sisters*; Gibbs, *City of Refuge*; Foldes, *The Street of the Fishing Cat*.

+ + +

Richard Wissmueller, organist of the Festival, was a guest of Mrs. Betty Moorhouse during his stay here.

HANSEN PRINTS GIFTS TO ART GROUP MEMBERS

Subscribers and associates of the Carmel Art Association are treasuring fine prints by Armin Hansen as part of their art collections. The prints, of a group of typical Hansen fisher-folk, will be given to each new member of the Association. Last year a Ferdinand Burgdorff print and the year before a Hansen print of a boat were given out. The annual meeting of the Association will be held August 9 at 10 o'clock in the morning.

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

Vol. 7

No. 5

July 30, 1937

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Following is the average weekly net paid circulation of THE CARMEL CYMBAL for the past six months:

| | |
|----------------|-----|
| February | 485 |
| March | 566 |
| April | 609 |
| May | 647 |
| June | 677 |
| July (to date) | 843 |

The July average weekly net paid circulation of THE CARMEL of 731 in the Carmel area (Carmel, Carmel Highlands and Pebble Beach) is far in excess of that of any other Carmel newspaper.

Rosicrucians See Phenomenon in Light Display

In the sombre atmosphere of a physics laboratory, Nature has taken to designing the patterns and color combinations of milady's gowns—and always in good taste. Nearly one thousand Rosicrucians who attended the eighth annual AMORC Rosicrucian Convention in San Jose, concluded this month, watched this strange phenomenon, says Mrs. Ethel Borden, Carmel member, who has just returned from the conclave.

Daily, says Mrs. Borden, delegates observed in the light laboratory of the order, rays of sunlight from a helioscope (which moves so that the sun's beams may be reflected from it in a fixed position) enter mathematically adjusted prisms, where the ensuing colors were arranged according to their respective vibratory rates. The color harmony of the spectrum is most perfect, and a great variety of shades and hues can be had by a slight change of the angle of the prisms. Each band of color is always in a natural relationship to all others. By the addition of refraction mirrors, the rays of sunlight form a magnificent array of geometrical patterns, pleasing to the eye and easily reproduced for commercial purposes. The designs are infinite in number and entirely new to the fashion world. Textile manufacturers are turning to this method for a study of natural color harmony and symmetry.

The convention program included daily discourses on philosophic and scientific subjects in the Rosicrucian Museum and Auditorium. It is related that nearly every state in the union, and province of Canada, and several foreign countries were represented. Important administrative matters included the election of nine grand councillors of the philosophic order, representing as many different sections of North America.

DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

A "Chien Berger de Brie" is *Madame Pantuche*, who is staying for a while on the Peninsula while her master, Bruce Lockwood of Hollywood, is writing a book. *Madame Pantuche* is from the home of the famous Briard cheese. She has been married twice and one of her children is owned by Paul Muni, the actor, who named him *Louis* after his famous role in "Louis Pasteur." Another child is owned by Gary Cooper.

Pantuche likes the atmosphere of Carmel, she says, because it reminds her of another art colony, New Hope, where she has spent a great deal of time. However, she misses her native France and when there is a far-away look in her lovely amber eyes she is thinking of the days long ago when she herded sheep on a sunny French hillside.

The village found an interesting visitor in *Mitzie* Holmes of San Mateo. *Mitzie* is a Pekepom (one of her parents was a champion Pekingese and the other was a champion Pomeranian). She was visiting here with her master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Holmes. The attractive young lady is quite striking-looking for she has the best features of both parents—and what is most unusual of all—she has a charming disposition.

Guinea Gold Walton is like the Ugly Duckling in the fairy story. When he was a little puppy and first came to live with his owner, Miss Audrey Walton, he was such a funny, ugly little fellow that she named him *Doodle-bug*. But as he grew older, he became more and more handsome. His coat, which was once thin and straggly, is now long and silky and his tail which was not much of a tail at all is now a lovely bushy one. *Doodle*, the ugly puppy, is now as handsome and dashing a dandy as can be. In fact, he took a blue ribbon at the Del Monte Kennel Club show last week.

Another local lad who made good at the show was handsome young Gerri Carter, protégé of Miss Elaine Carter. Gerri brought home a blue ribbon, too, much to the delight and admiration of his two charming little sisters, Porgy and Zenta. This good-looking youngster shows promise of collecting a whole flock of blue ribbons before he is very much older.

Queen Peterson, the orphan Great Dane adopted by Commander and Mrs. Martin Peterson, loaned moral (and material) support to the Animal Shelter display at the Del Monte Kennel Club show. *Queenie*, who was once a ward of the Shelter, graciously consented to pretend, for the afternoon, that she was again a homeless waif. Her sad-eyed pose, as she sat there, was so impressive that there were contributions enough for hamburger to go around.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sumner Greene served refreshments and a blazing fire to Bach Festival performers and guests after the final concert of the series, Sunday evening. The studio was the setting for talk and comment on the Festival and farewells to the soloists whom we hope to have with us another year.

How Did Dachsie Know? You Tell

This belongs by rights to Jessie Joan Brown and her *Dog Days and Nights*, especially, in this case, the nights, but we just got it and it's time to go to press. It comes from Grace Thoburn, may her tribe increase, and we know enough about the beginning of the thing to know that Grace isn't lying to us—she wouldn't, of course.

It appears that a family among whose prideful possessions is a five-year-old curly-headed girl, among whose prideful possessions is a one-year-old dachshund named *Dachsie*, arrived in town Wednesday morning and sought a place to live.

Grace Thoburn escorted them about town, stopping at numerous places she had on her list. At two points, the dachshund alighted, one, at the house which was finally contracted for, at Santa Fe and Sixth, and two, at a place near Barney Brascisco's house, where the motor balked.

Returning to town the family went into a restaurant, but first left the dog outside in the care of some kindly person. The person proved to be kindly, but not too vigilant, and *Dachsie*, disturbed in and by his wanderings and the strange town, bolted.

The little five-year-old was inconsolable at the loss of the one-year-old. She wept. She was still weeping late Wednesday night. She went to bed weeping. Grace Thoburn also went to bed, but she lay wide-awake for hours thinking about the little girl and the little lost dog and feeling that she was in main part to blame for picking the guardian of the dog outside the restaurant.

Grace Thoburn called THE Cymbal. How to find the dog? We suggested first a call to the Animal Shelter and, that failing, an ad in THE Cymbal. No success at the Shelter, so the ad was ordered in THE Cymbal. A reward of \$5 was offered by Grace Thoburn.

Then, yesterday afternoon, just as we were about to write the ad, comes a telephone message from Grace.

Dachsie showed up at the rented house at Santa Fe and Sixth at 4 o'clock yesterday morning.

How did he find it?

And the answer won't be in next week's Cymbal, nor is it upside-down some place in this one. Only *Dachsie* has it and he declines an interview.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward David of Carmel Woods entertained at tea last week for Mrs. David's cousin, Mrs. Wallace Hawes, of Cheshire, England. Mrs. Hawes took a roundabout trip home in order to stop with her cousin for a few days and see something of the States. She has been in Australia to attend the wedding of her daughter. Accompanying Mrs. Hawes on her trip is Mrs. Minette Stothart of Manchester.

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Myra Palache's Lectures Were Festival Treat

Of the many rich and beautiful events of the Bach Festival, the lectures of Myra Palache at Pine Inn have been among the most significant. Miss Palache understands Bach and his music in a way that only deep devotion makes possible. She knows the inner nature of the great master and for her the religion, the music and the life are one. With this vision she is able to see meanings and parallels unnoticed by the outer observers.

In discussing the organ works before Wednesday's recital Miss Palache pointed out that for Bach the organ was the supreme instrument. It gave him scope for the magnitude of his inspiration. He took in hand the organ music of his day and "completed it with cloud-capped towers." In the preface to the *Orgelbuechlein* he writes as follows: "The little Organ Book, wherein instruction is given to a beginning organist to work out a chorale in every style, also to perfect himself in the study of the pedal, the pedal being treated quite

obligato throughout in the chorales herein contained. For the honour of the Lord Most High and that my neighbour may be taught thereby." This dedication is typical of the spirit of Bach. His music is both divine and human. He never forgot his dedication to God, nor did he ever ignore his neighbor. He stood between two worlds, as it were, and through his music brought them both together and made them one.

Miss Palache has given us a survey of the life of Bach and his music which has been of real assistance in understanding the many great works which have been presented to us this week.

—DORA HAGEMEYER

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Haymaking was a kind of religion with my Grandfather and when he caught Dad loafing around over at the swimming hole losing time and sleep he gave him a hiding or two and Dad didn't get around

much after that until the first hay crop was in. At night he often went to sleep to the sound of Ed and the Dog singing as soft as they could over near the Sawyer place, and folks said Little Dootchy was mad as a hornet about this but what could he do, Ed being on his own land and all. But I guess everyone in the neighborhood felt a kind of tension about those two, for in the evenings folks would set for a spell on their porches before going to bed and the menfolks would speculate about how strong Big Ed really was and if the Dog was a killer.

When the last bit of hay had been forked into the mows, Father strolled over to the swimming hole one evening. It was a kind of lightish night, when you can see the outlines of things pretty well, and there on the other bank of the brook was Big Ed, lying belly-bump in the mud, staring up at the bedroom window in the Duchesne house, chewing on a straw. About the only difference in the attitudes of Ed and the Dog, Father says, was that the Dog wasn't chewing a straw.

It all seemed funny enough to a kid, the doings there. Ed kept his eyes glued to this window and finally the shade shot up suddenly, just as they do by accident sometimes, and there was Little Dootchy leaning out in his nightshirt and Judith standing in the middle of the room in her long white gown brushing her hair. "What's the matter," Little Dootchy said very loud, as if he were speaking to someone outside, "you don't think there's anyone around to be looking at us, do you?" And he went over and put his arm around his wife. Judith put down her brush and crossed the room quickly, blowing out the light. You could hear Little Dootchy's nasty laugh all over the place.

But Big Ed just went on chewing at his straw. He didn't move, but he seemed to be waiting for something. After a while Little Dootchy's laugh changed to a sort of barking snore and then, in a little bit, everything was quiet. Only then did Big Ed move and when he and the Dog got up it was laughable. Dad swears Ed had taught the Dog to go on tiptoe. With the greatest caution, and a good bit of giggling on Ed's part, two water buckets were hauled out of their hiding places in the bushes and filled and Ed and the Dog marched solemnly up the path and deposited them on the door rock.

When they came back, bringing another pair of pails, which were carefully cached, they got themselves under the big rock and began their singing. It happened every night just about like this, the whole performance. It was kind of hard for a small lad to get clear in his head, but Father says it always seemed to him these two were playing a game with each other, but the funny part was, they didn't seem to be playing the same game. You know how a kid's imagination is, and it struck Dad that way. The thing that puzzled him most, I suppose, being a tough little shaver himself, was Ed's giggling and cry-

ing. He would giggle and giggle, over his smartness about the water pails; but when the song was over, he would always sit there and cry to himself like a child that's got lost in the dark, and the Dog would paw at him with one great paw, trying to comfort him. Finally, Ed himself would drop off to sleep, but Dad never saw the Dog close his eyes.

Early in September, the Bull arrived. Len Flanders was down to the depot with his livery team to meet the last train. A stranger got off, sort of thick-necked city feller, all dolled up. He went straight back to the baggage car and hauled out the ugliest bull dog ever seen in the town of Warner. He wasn't a terrible big dog, but he was all solid pack. The muscles of his shoulders and forelegs looked as mean and hard as his eyes. Len said it fair gave him a start just to look at the crittur, to say nothing of his master. Just then, Little Dootchy came spanking down the road and jumped out and looked this dog over, even forgetting to say hello to the other feller. He said, "He might do" and they got into his buggy and drove off.

It didn't take the boys around town long to figure out what Little Dootchy was up to. That very night a bet or two was laid on Fitz Connor's pool table. There never was much open betting in the town of Warner, but it seemed different in this case. Even the women got excited, and Deacon Caldwell was known to have laid a box of chocolates against one of his wife's lemon pies, that the Dog could whip anything he met. Most of the older men favored the Dog, holding out for instinct against even the best training. The odds were on the Dog, but partly for sentimental reasons. All of a sudden he was a kind of hero, though not many people ever saw him or Big Ed—Schoodac District being eight miles out of town.

To make it all the more exciting some pretty big money sprung up from nowhere at all, to be laid on the Bull. The pool room was crowded every night. So crowded that old Fitz, who'd been hanging fire with Hetty Meeks for upwards of ten years, got up courage to be married in his prosperity.

But the funny part was, here was the whole town getting all het up about a dog fight they weren't even sure was going to take place, let alone when and where. When they stopped to think about it soberly, they had to admit they didn't see how it was going to be brought about. Big Ed and the Dog practically never came to the village. So they shot pool and cursed themselves for fools. Until a rumor got about in a mysterious way sometime during the week that the fight was bona fide and would take place at the Post Office at evening mail time on Saturday. And it did.

This is the way it happened. Some time on Saturday afternoon, the postmistress sent word to Big Ed by one of the neighbors that a registered letter was at the Post Office for him, and that he would have to come after it and sign a paper before he could get it. It was all done very slick, but nobody knows just how, except that about six o'clock Big Ed and the Dog could be seen meandering down Main Street toward the Post office.

Now the whole town turned out for the Saturday evening mail anyway, and when Ed and the Dog came along, Ed chewing on his straw, he had a packed gallery wait-

ing for him, though goodness knows, he didn't pay any attention to it. Duchesne and the stocky feller were sitting in a carryall right in front of the Post Office hitching rail. The Bull was between them. On the back seat, holding herself like a ramrod and looking straight ahead, sat Judith Duchesne.

Folks say that when the Dog came in full sight of the people, his whole body was lowered wolflike, his eyes fierce. But he never left Ed's heels without the word and Big Ed didn't seem to be noticing anything funny. He had one foot on the lowest stair of the Post Office steps when the crowd heard a sic-ing sound from the Bull's master. By the time Ed had taken his straw out of his mouth and turned his head to look, the Bull lay in the middle of the street with his back broken.

There are many strange things a young lad may see of a late Fall night when the hunters' moon is high. But few stranger perhaps than what my father saw on the bank of Schoodac Brook one night.

For about a month after the Bull's death, Big Ed had gone on with his little water bucket game as if nothing had happened. But now there were no lights at all in the Sawyer house and if Big Ed had been anything but the zany he was, he would have heard those queer sounds coming from the house after dark, just as my Father did, and maybe figured out that Little Dootchy was taking it out on his wife and have gone about his business. Sometimes, Father said, it sounded like whipping. Once a woman's quickly stifled cry cut the silence. Then Big Ed would bite his knuckles and cry, himself. And the nightly serenade grew dolorous indeed. My father knew all of these things, for a small boy gets frightened sometimes and one night, in fright and fascination, he crept up beside Big Ed and the Dog and was welcomed into this odd company.

He was lying thus with them on a night of high moon, when the back kitchen door opened and Judith Duchesne came out into the night alone. She was dressed in a kind of soft white wrapper and her long black hair moved around her shoulders like black waters in the moonlight. Like the dark currents in the swimming hole, with the moon coming through the willows, Father said. She started straight down the path, but nobody will ever know exactly what she meant to do, for the door opened behind her and there was a terrible sound and a bullet passed over my Father's head.

The next thing Father remembers is Big Ed, standing on the flat boulder under which he was wont to serenade Judith, his great long legs wide apart and swinging Judith Duchesne's husband around and around and around in the air. One heel in each of his massive hands, he swung his body in a rhythm faster and faster as if he were waving a banner proud and free. And while he swung he shouted crazily and the dog sat on his haunches and bayed. Judith Duchesne stood there in the moonlight, with her hands folded in front of her, not making a sound. But the light did a trick with her face as if she were laughing.

Wilder and faster Big Ed whirled the little man, whose breath to cry out had been stopped in him. Weirder and weirder the dog howled. In the bright light you could see the big knuckles tighten their hold and the mighty body brace itself for the throw. Fifty feet, some say, he hurled the man. And then there was a long silence.

Slowly, the dog got up and slunk over to the motionless figure on the

ground. He sniffed it once. Then he sat down beside it and lifted his throat to the moon.

The only thing Father remembers after that is getting down far under his blankets at home and covering his head up.

And that is whatever is known of the truth of it. Who can say, my Father often asks, when justice is done? The next morning Big Ed and the Dog had disappeared. A verdict of death by accident was brought in, though my Grandfather told Father years after that there were marks like sharp teeth marks on Little Dootchy's neck. The good farmers of Schoodac District went back to their harvesting and to getting out the winter's wood. Big Ed's parents moved away upstate somewhere. In a week or so, Father started in Fall term at school.

Judith Duchesne stayed on in the old Sawyer place and as the years passed, she became a great power for good in that community. No woman was her equal when womanly things were needful; no hand quite like hers for the newborn child; no voice like hers to give the sweet lie to the dying.

One evening in the second year after her husband's death, she came swiftly to our house to fetch my Grandfather. On her back door rock she had heard a sad, familiar sound and had found Big Ed and the Dog, trying their feeble best to sing to her. The enormous frame had shrunk with starvation and exhaustion; the Dog was spent and old. They both died within the week of what my Father said was a kind of double pneumonia.

If you poke aside the blackberry vines in our abandoned old cemetery in Schoodac District you will find among our family gravestones those two. You can't really read what it says on them, but you can trace with your fingers on one, BIG ED: and on the smaller just, THE DOG.

—LYNDA SARGENT

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CARMEL CAPERS

We have absented ourselves from Carmel for the past week and are, therefore, regrettably out of touch with things local. We shall assume that our foolish friends, our unwise enemies, and our misguided readers have survived our departure, and the usual depredations of Carmel life and proceed merrily, and without undue emphasis on form, to report on our peregrinations.

California's various cities have varied personalities:

Carmel is the physically lovely, self-conscious, dream-ridden adolescent—

Hollywood: the jazz-mad, sex-seeking youth—

San Francisco the wisely tolerant oldster, watching without envy and remembering without regret—

Sacramento is the acrimonious old maid, bitter and censorious, hiding her desiccation 'neath tree-lined streets.

We are writing this column from Cal-Neva, a resort half in California and half in Nevada, which burned down this winter, was completely rebuilt in 32 days, and is now once more a thriving resort, the Nevada side swarming with divorcees and gamblers who, sad to relate, will require more than 32 days, respectively, to be re-conditioned for further loves or losses.

While waiting for a train, it occurred to us that one is eye witness to more off-stage unrehearsed human emotion in a large railway terminal than in any other place.

We heard a young man bidding good-bye to a very lush wench en route to Reno, "look me up when you're a virgin again," he shouted after the departing train.

We returned one day, last week, to Hollywood and looked up our old friends who appeared to be continuing the same party they had been throwing three months ago when we had last been there. Such passes for the business of living in

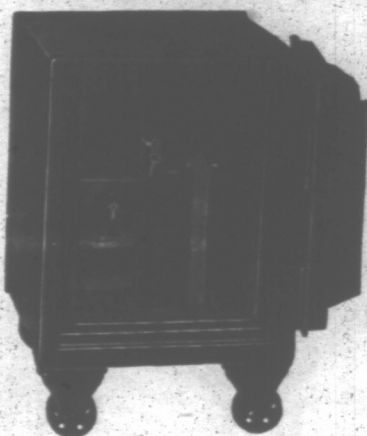
Southern California.

All those addicted to night life on the Monterey Peninsula, will remember the rhythm-wracked drummer at the Chicken Shack last year. We saw him playing the trap-drums at the Plantation Club the other evening, and making a big impression on a crowd of San Francisco sophisticates.

A propos of nothing at all, we are moved to observe that we have little or no use for those improvident people who give no thought to today.

Just as we were going to press in popped John Nesbitt, the well-known radio commentator and brother of Phil, whom he was trying desperately to locate, as he wants the elusive fellow to illustrate a book which he (John) is going to write.

—LIBBY LEY



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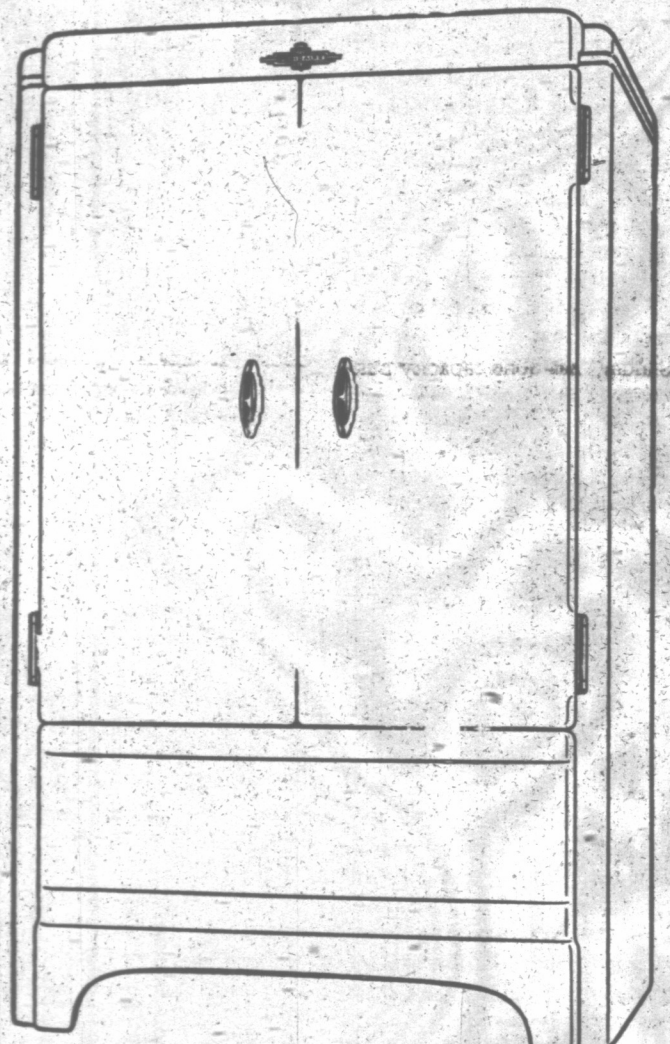
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Roland Young at Filmarte Today and Tomorrow

Heading this week's program at the Filmarte Theatre is Roland Young in the season's most unusual comedy, "The Man Who Could Work Miracles." This is H. G. Wells' first screen comedy and was produced by the well known Alexander Korda.

The story revolves around a little clerk who suddenly discovers, much to his amazement and to the consternation of everyone else, that he has the power to work miracles. The outcome of his miraculous feats is as surprising as it is amusing.

Sunday and Monday the Filmarte presents "The River of Unrest," which is a stirring drama of the Irish Rebellion. The play on which the film is based was written by two men who served in Ireland at the time and most of the incidents in the film are founded on fact. On the same bill is Charles Laughton in "Wanted Men." This is the story of a camp far up in the North which sheltered a group of unknown men: men, it was rumored, who had committed all the crimes and broken all the commandments.

On Tuesday only, two features will be shown, the first being James Fenimore Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," and the second a revival of Jack Benny's funniest picture, "Transatlantic Merry-go-Round." With Benny in this film are Gene Raymond, Nancy Carroll, Sydney Howard, Mitzi Green, Patsy Kelly, William Boyd, and Frank Parker, as well as Jimmy Grier and his orchestra and the Boswell Sisters.

"Slalom," the internationally famous outdoor film and the first full length ski picture, will play next Wednesday and Thursday only.

"Slalom" has done capacity business every place it has been shown, and the New York critics hailed it as an excellent piece of motion picture entertainment. The N. Y. Times said: "Truly magnificent... and exhilarating, lovely and thoroughly amazing picture."

+

COMMUNITY CHURCH CHOIR TO SING BACH SUNDAY

The Community Church choir, under the direction of Mrs. Valona Brewer, and accompanied by Mrs. E. F. Bradley, will sing three Bach Chorals at the morning worship hour next Sunday at 11 o'clock. Almost every member of the choir was in the Bach Festival chorus. The Rev. Homer S. Bodley, Jr., will preach on "Seeing God in the Beautiful."

Following the service, the congregation will adjourn to a picnic at Indian Village on the Seventeen-Mile drive. The men of the church are sponsoring this picnic, and invite all members and friends. Bring your family lunch. Coffee will be served. The committee consists of Victor Graham, Jimmie Southwell and Harry Perkins.

+

Harwell Harris, Los Angeles architect, who has designed a house for Miss Marion Clark of Berkeley, to be built above the far beach on The Point, has a design for a beach house illustrated in the current number of California Arts and Architecture. The house is for John Entenza, "bachelor playwright," so the caption goes, in Santa Monica canyon. It looks kind of goofy to the lay observer, but apparently Entenza likes it. We have seen the plans of the Clark cottage for The Point. They don't look goofy, but extremely good. This will be Harris' first house in the Carmel area. He has designed many in Southern California.



During an impromptu lawn party on the Chamber of Commerce lawn, the Misses Marie Fox, Phyllis Bishop and Leola Hanson illustrate the type of booth and firm name lettering which will be available to exhibitors in the Commercial and Industrial departments of the big Monterey Four-Counties District Fair at Monterey, August 12 to 15, inclusive. Incidentally, the comely farmerettes also illustrate various types of specialized fair advertising material to be used, and give a suggestion for types of costumes to be worn starting August 2.

Art Gallery Gets Itself New Span Of Existence

At the recent meeting of the board of the Carmel Art Association it was moved by Major Ralph Coote, and passed by the board, that the next hanging (the August show) would have no pictures priced at more than \$100. We are personally jubilant over this decision and very grateful to Major Coote. It marks a possible revival of an almost dead organization.

In the past few years the artists of the association have been rather like hermits. They have brought their pictures into the Gallery and left them there. Sometimes for months and years after they were shown. Then they have gone back to their studios and given little thought to the relation of the purchaser and the artist. They have considered the selling of a picture "an act of God" and for all the efforts of the several curators who have worked at great odds, a picture sale at the Carmel Gallery was usually just that. With this new plan afloat there is hope for a better and a live organization. When an artist puts a price of \$3,000 on an oil painting he doesn't want it to go into circulation. He wants it to become part of a museum. At \$100 and less, even the artist will become interested in his picture. It is in the selling market. It is a price suitable to the degree which people will open their purses for art at the present time. We hope, and expect, that price level to go up. It will have to go up but only an educated demand for art pieces will

accomplish that. Education starts with A.B.C.'s, not with a jump over a stone wall to Aristotle. What you have lost you must regain. The Carmel Art Association is now making an effort to regain some lost ground. We congratulate it and its more far-seeing members. —V. S.

+

PUCCINELLI, THE SCULPTOR, ATTENDS BACH FESTIVAL

Raymond Puccinelli, New York and San Francisco sculptor, Ro Wagner, talented dancer and instructor from San Francisco, Ann Whittington, Maxine Cushing, music and book critic, and Tom Sheffield demonstrated their devotion to the arts by making a special trip to Carmel for the Sunday evening concert of the Bach Festival. Puccinelli rather startled one of the younger ushers at the Mission by arriving sucking a lollypop. The head usher calmed her nerves by saying that when you want a lollypop, you want a lollypop and with Raymond, lollypops, a tremendous athletic build and fine sculpture all go together.

The group left right after the concert for San Francisco.

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Adobe Tea Room Outdoor Gallery Open to Public

Several of the lovely old Monterey adobes are becoming useful as well as ornamental, thereby insuring their complete claim to preservation.

The opening of the First Theater in California has pleased the State Department of Parks to such an extent that it has granted permission to continue dramatic activities there.

The group of clubwomen who have started the tea room in the House of the Four Winds is providing just the place to take out-of-townners when an afternoon's entertainment and sightseeing confronts you.

The adobes in Monterey are all museum pieces, but museums with life going on inside of them are much to be preferred to those that merely entomb the relics of the past.

Nellie K. Smith, who owns the Adobe Gift and Book Shop on Polk street has started an outdoor art gallery in the rear of the old building which is her shop. The gallery has its own entrance through a green gate on Hartnell street, just one block toward Monterey from the Monterey Post Office. Walk in amongst the flowers and trees and there on the light-green-washed walls of the old building are hung water colors and oils to delight the eye and tempt the pocketbook. Perhaps one of the younger artists may be there to talk to you, or you may slip in, wander around and take your leave when you please. Several of the artists, who are from Monterey and Pacific Grove for the most part, have already sold things from these walls.

Among the pictures are two by Miki Hayakawa, several lithographs and a painting by Bruce Ariss and some very interesting water-colors by James Fitzgerald. Others in the group are by Julie Todd, Edna Tremaine, Lester Boronda and Edith Maguire.

++ +

CARMEL AUTHOR COMING OUT WITH NEW BOOK

"If This Be Treason" is the title of one of the latest books by a former Carmel resident. Bob Mercereau is the author. He and his wife Ann were recently in town seeing old friends and mumbling about some sort of publication date. Now it has come out. The book is highly spoken of by Charles Erskine Scott Wood, who not only has written a foreword, along with Oswald Garrison Villard, but believes that the book should be required reading from High School on up. The book is an attempt, according to the author, to "cover this painful modern crisis, to crystalize its most unsettled issues, and to forge a way out of our national and international bewilderment".

++ +

Willard Van Dyke, photographer of the F.64 group, was in Carmel last Thursday. Van Dyke recently returned from New York, where he has done several major camera jobs. He has recently taken over a contract from Life. Van Dyke's studio is in Oakland but he plans to revisit Carmel before he returns to the East.

POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

The world is full of such a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings—so said Robert Louis Stevenson. I say: We are!

The world is full of such a number of things! It's full of good, hard-working people who are trying to get along in the world, make an honest living, raise their children to be good citizens, establish a home for them, and all the time most of them just drag along.

Then there are the businessmen who employ these people, often dangling them like puppets on a string. They own the property, they own the money, they own the jobs, and what they say goes—or it always did until now.

Then there are the agents of these businessmen, special agents, whose duty it is to spy, foment trouble, keep the employees divided, keep them jealous, keep them "ambitious".

I'd say the easiest profit goes to the last named gentlemen, who put nothing into the business, get something out, and have a lot of fun bulldozing both sides. They are the soldiers of fortune who are riding on the edge of honesty, telling half-truths, chuckling slyly at the results.

Part of these gentlemen's method is to keep the two factions apart. They "organize" the businessmen to do battle against "outside elements," and let the natural leaders of the other side do their work without pay, of course organizing too. Then they toss in a few fire-crackers, and see what happens!

They produce a Chicago "riot" and then they get the police a favorable vote—justifiable homicide. Did you see the photographs of the Ford plant "riot"? Good pictures appeared in *Life* recently, and, I think, very convincing ones, if you need to be convinced.

While a jury pronounces "justifiable homicide" all the world winks. It doesn't take the jury's word for it. A good many people use their own heads to think with nowadays.

All of which brings us down to what I was going to describe: How such a conniving gentleman, his type is the collection agent type, for that's just what he is professionally, at the same time a city employe by virtue of the old ward heel maneuvering, acted recently.

Having got together several businessmen opposed to labor, even American Federation of Labor organization, sneaked them up to a quiet city council meeting with intent to have an anti-picketing ordinance passed.

But a "leak" had developed in his plans. All the labor people knew about his tactics and were on hand to welcome the council's visitors.

But the visitors never made their plea. Shamefacedly, and some quite angry at this democratic demonstration, they slunk away, but as they were going, they decided to confer for a moment with their mayor.

The amazing part of the affair

(or is it amazing at all, these days?) is the special agent, albeit a city employe in the lowly status of milk inspector at \$130 per month and not knowing a bacterium from a butterfly, summoned the mayor from council like this:

"Come out here!" uttered in a gruff voice, punctuated with an up-raised finger. "I want to see you outside."

And the mayor went hopping!

Now this didn't happen in Carmel. It might have happened here, but I know it did happen in a very similar community and is probably happening all over the country. It is part of the general picture.

Next day I talked with a bartender, who happened to be on the A.F. of L. committee. I asked him how long he had been in the town. Six months, he said, and added:

"And I want to stay here. I like the climate and I want my children to grow up in a quiet, clean, pleasant part of the country like this is."

I asked him what wages were being sought and what conditions. He told me. They were in line with what prevailed, but about the only gain sought was a kind of permanency. He wanted his job to become something that would keep him here, enable him to build up a home, get established, become a better citizen and prepare his children better for citizenship.

Just to reassure the inquisitive, he voluntarily denounced the childish warfare between C.I.O. and A. F. of L. He didn't want it to come to his town. He only wanted to make a decent wage so he could have a decent home. He only wanted what most of us want, and he was doing his best to get it and going about it in an intelligent manner.

Soon, if we don't watch out, the goblins will get us here in Carmel. Our leaders want to make this just the same sort of hell it is elsewhere. Bobby Norton and his jail! Jim Thoburn and his anti-picketing!

Go on! Pave the streets, build the jail, get more cops, hire more hangers-on, build a big, overbearing city hall "of which we may be proud," put up a rollercoaster at the beach, and a pier—and we'll all go to town!

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BETTY AND JEAN HYDE SKATING HOSTESSES

Betty and Jean Hyde gave their house guests a whirl at a skating party at League's Rollerdom near Del Monte last Wednesday evening. The guests of honor were Catherine Ellis of Wichita, Kansas, and Sarah Hyde who, with her father, has been visiting with the Hyde family prior to leaving for the Islands this week. The party included Mr. and Mrs. Guy Koepp, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Johnson, Mrs. Daisy Bostick, Mr. and Mrs. David Trevett, Mr. and Mrs. Hap Hasty, Mr. and Mrs. Al Sparks, Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford, Irene Spears, Ivy Van Cott, Frank Townsend, Roemarie Mattimore, Patricia Lee, Dick Sears, Bud Todd, Moylan Fox, Paul and Marie Swanson, Bill and Paul Nye, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Weer, Nadine Fox, Betty Carr and the members of the St. James Repertory Company.

DOUGLAS SCHOOL PARENTS MAKE IT A VISIT

Many parents of children staying at the Douglas School Summer Camp have made the trip from up-coast and down-coast to see their offspring. Mrs. John Boles and her mother and father-in-law came from Beverly Hills last week for a birthday celebration for Mrs. Boles' daughter, Janet. Mrs. Curtis Wright of Calistoga brought her friends, Mrs. Fox and Barbara Fox, of Detroit, to visit her daughter, Gail Ann. W. W. Morgan, Jr., of Brentwood, California, motored down to see his daughter, Elizabeth Ann, at the Douglas School water carnival at Del Monte Plunge last week.

Mrs. Frederic J. Grant of Los Angeles has taken a house on the Peninsula. Her daughter, Patricia, is a senior camper at the school and Mr. Grant is planning to enter the golf tournament at the Country Club. Mr. and Mrs. George A. Richards of Beverly Hills came to see their daughter, Rozene, who is

a junior camper. Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Marino, of Pasadena, were guests of the camp while they visited with Tedie and Oragie Marino. Mr. and Mrs. Marino bid farewell to the children and are to spend some time in Hawaii before they come back to pick up the young campers.

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles Zimmerman of Carmel are now in Bar Harbor, Maine, visiting relatives of Mrs. Zimmerman. They will remain there until late September.

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Red Cross Shows New Ambulance Tomorrow

(Continued from Page One)
succeeded. They are ambulance builders, but they had never before made one for a Red Cross unit. There is a very good reason why not. This Carmel ambulance is the first one possessed by a Red Cross chapter on the Pacific Coast.

To go back—it is quite an affair. The chassis is a General Motors product and the engine an Oldsmobile engine. The finish is cream, with a darker tint for the trimmings. It is lined within with brown leather.

It is equipped, of course, with all emergency medical and surgical paraphernalia. Linen, blankets and towels, and all such emergency supplies, were provided by the Red Cross.

It has a heater for cold weather and a fan for hot. It is provided with a wheeled stretcher for invalid cases, and two army stretchers for ordinary first-aid work. A place has been made for the resuscitator, now installed in the fire house, and this is so placed that it can be used during transportation. It will be possible to transport four people and, if all are not seriously injured, five.

The ambulance is fitted with fog lights, spot lights, a siren, red emergency lights, ventilators, etc.

The Carmel Red Cross chapter set a new record, we believe, in acquiring this ambulance. It raised the necessary \$2,087 within three weeks. And the money came from 88 donors who replied to 350 letters which were sent out only once by the chapter.

But the Carmel Red Cross is used to high marks in accomplishments.

It ranks first in California in the number of annual members in comparison with the population of the territory within its responsibility. And it is one of 150 on the honor roll in the United States for efficiency in membership campaigns.

The Carmel chapter is responsible for the district this side of the brow of the Carmel Hill, stretching from Pebble Beach down to the Big Sur on the coast, and up to the end of the Carmel Valley. It has an emergency station at the Carmel fire house and it is hoped soon to establish one near Robles del Rio up the Valley, and at the Big Sur reservation down the Coast.

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ST. JAMES PLAYERS DO "HAY FEVER" FOR THE KIWANIS CLUB

The St. James Repertory Company took themselves to Del Monte Hotel Wednesday and played the first act of "Hay Fever" at the Kiwanis luncheon there. The group received a great hand. They played with imaginary props and one big laugh in the show was not intended by the author or the cast. Patricia Lee forgot to powder her stage lipstick, and her part of Myra Arundel, an intense young female, calls for a large, lengthy and luscious kiss to land somewhere on the face of her willing opponent. The kiss landed all right, and made an impression around what Robert Galbraith used to call his mouth.

++ +

MRS. VAN, LOCAL CLEANER, IN NEW PARTNERSHIP

Mrs. Van, who has been operating a dry cleaning service on Lincoln street in Carmel, and her husband, Harry Van, have bought a partnership in the Monterey Cleaners in Monterey. They will continue to conduct their Carmel business from the office on Lincoln street.

Contemporary American Scene Shown In Federal Art Gallery Exhibit

The contemporary American scene, pictured in stark realism and symbolic fancy, in strike scenes and mythological compositions, is a fair summary of the lithograph show now hung in the Federal Art Gallery in Seven Arts Court on Lincoln street near Ocean. The artists have run the gamut from William Blake to the New Masses. This is a good thing. It shows that they are doing the work they want to do and are no longer afraid of losing their necks by expressing their political opinions in their prints. The print called "Street Scene" is of the Federal Art Project strike. The address, "901," and the building pictured is the Project headquarters on Potrero street in San Francisco. We even managed to identify one of the strikers whom we used to know in the Art Gallery days in the City. Not only does the print have a social significance but the artist, Lloyd Wulf, knows his composition and understands black and white. Another print, by the same artist, horrified us. It is called "For the Gentleman with the Loud Voice." However, even if the humor is rather grim, the drawing is well done and we have seen Daumiers which were just as brutal, if not more so, because they took up a larger field than just the prize ring.

On the Blake side of the exhibit we find Natalie Simon, just as conscious of social problems but treating them in a different manner. Her composition "Supplication" bears a lot of looking. Study it for movement and let your eyes follow the direction of the lines as they hold themselves within the page. No shooting off the paper there.

Arthur Murphy, whom we have talked ourselves breathless about since this project started, has several of his delightful and masterly ballet sketches in the show. On the animal side of the scene there is Florence Atkins with some decorative bird studies, and George Gaethke, who portrays humorous jungle beasts and some "Sleeping Giraffes." (We have always wondered about that.) Olinka Hrdy has done something very nice with her colored lithograph, "The Swan." Dorothy Jeakins animates her trees. The one with the black birds of prey on the west wall seemed to be mumbling something about "Nevermore" when we looked at it.

Willie Hopkins takes his subject matter from a varied experience. "Grab her, Bo, Here Comes the Blizzard" is of a group of bindlestiffs running for a train. "Bohemia" is just what it says and a bit messy at that. The prints seem a bit dark, as if they had been worked over too much and that is a fatal error with a lithograph. Knowing when to leave well enough alone is all important. Julius Pommer on the other hand has a great deal of dark in his composition, but there is enough white content to throw life into them. His San Francisco buildings and street scenes are well handled. Chee Chin and David Chun show their ancestral oriental background in their drawings. There is a softness in the strokes and a fine hairline tightness to the compositions which bespeaks delicate perceptions and rigid discipline. Pauline Visson draws the oriental in a series of portrait heads with an occidental but very sensitive appreciation of the basic design of the facial structure of our slant-eyed brethren.

Victor von Pribogic again demonstrates a fine decorative design in his blue-toned print "Eventide." Nina Ulberg's several drawings are light and pleasant but nothing to

shout about. Her symbolism does not have the strength of Natalie Simon. The same applies to Saul Rabino. "Dreams" would make a good calendar poster.

The one local artist in the show, though now in San Francisco, is Albert Spratt. If you have never seen any of her excellent flower prints go to the Gallery, if only to see these. They have caused national comment, and rightly.

The Federal Art Gallery is open hereafter from 1 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon, except Sundays.

—VIRGINIA SCARDIGLI

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Delightful Custom These Swede Eats

What is becoming a delightful custom at Old Cabin Inn is to be repeated this Saturday evening, July 31. We refer to the serving of Smorgasbord. It's an old Swedish custom, and we wouldn't be a bit surprised if there were a good many people who had never met a Smorgasbord face to face, in fact had never laid eyes on it. It seems that the thing starts with 20 delicious dishes which Mrs. Larson serves before the regular dinner. Spread out on a long table are salads, Swedish meat balls, five different kinds of cheese, salmon and veal in aspic, and dried, pickled and smoked fish, and a few other things we have forgotten. There are certain combinations that a good Swede chooses when he walks around the Smorgasbord table. He eats one or two and sits and talks a while and then takes another stroll and selects a few more varieties. Not so, most Americans. They take a little bit of this and that and more of these and those, with no finesse, so to speak. Anyhow, whether one chooses with artistic appreciation or just fills up one's plate and has a grand time gorging, by the time one adds the chicken dinner at the end to the aforementioned 20 dishes—well—

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RIVKA IVENTOSCH, VIOLIN PLAYER IN FESTIVAL, LEFT-HANDED ARTIST

Rivka Iventosch, who played with the Bach Festival Orchestra in the first year of its existence and caused quite a bit of excitement because she is one of the rather rare group of violinists who plays left-handed, is to appear as a guest soloist with the Federal Symphony Orchestra in San Francisco, Monday, August 2. Ben Bauer will conduct the concert which will be held at the Alcatraz Theater at 8:20 o'clock.

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LOST AND FOUND

LOST on the beach Sunday, a Wedding Ring. Ten small diamonds. Date, and the initials G.A.E. and J.A.C. Reward. Address L-10, Cymbal Office, Carmel. (6)

Dorothy Greene, daughter of Mrs. Mary J. Fitzsimmons of Pacific Grove, and Harold E. Pulliam of Carmel have informally announced their betrothal. The wedding will take place in the near future. Pulliam has been in the painting and decorating business on the Peninsula.

Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous were hostesses to a group of Bach Festival soloists and friends at Sade's after the Saturday night performance. Although the Coffee Cantata was sung with great success that evening, beer seemed to fill the bill for most of those who gathered at the long tables.

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Jack Schroeder, Speaking of Gold Fish, Tells One, and Agnes Shipley, Speaking Of Cows and Enamel, Tells Another

Speaking of fire, speaking of insurance, speaking, may we, of gold fish, here's a story vouched for by Jack Schroeder, who sells lots of insurance for the Carmel Realty Company, and Agnes Shipley, who keeps the books on the lots of insurance Jack Schroeder sells for the Carmel Realty Company.

It seems—this is Jack's story—that a bowl of gold fish sat in a window in the house on San Carlos, between Eleventh and Twelfth streets, owned by Miss Elizabeth S. Gamble. It seems that the house was rented. It seems that the sun was shining and, as the sun will, finding a bowl of gold fish in its way, shone right through the bowl of gold fish.

Now, the sun's rays, penetrating a bowl of water, come out one side hotter than they went in the other. On the coming out side they met a pillow and that stopped 'em—stopped 'em, but not dead; to the contrary, rather alive. So much alive that the pillow first began to smoke and then began to glow and then began to burn. Everything looked swell for the levelling of the house, gold fish bowl and all, by fire.

But the tenant happened to walk into the room just at the right time.

Jack had to pay insurance only on the pillow. But he wants to know if a couple of gold fish in a bowl of water add to or detract from the magnifying propensities of the said water; whether their sex would have anything to do with it, or— He wants us to ask Dr. MacDougal about it. No use, Dr. MacDougal doesn't know much about anything but trees—not much!

But here's where Agnes Shipley comes in—with another story. It matches Jack's. Some women idealists might say it beats Jack's. It's about an automobile, surf fish, instead of gold, and a cow. It goes like this or, rather, we're going to make it go like this:

A surf fisherman parked his car on Scenic Drive and with pole and line and boots went down to the water's edge. He fished. Whether or not he got any fish is of no consequence in this story. His car had acquired a coating of dew, the ocean breeze played upon it and mixed something of the ocean with the dew. Then the dust settled a bit and caked the whole thing with a dull, but even finish.

The fisherman quit fishing. The next day he went hunting. He parked his car on the edge of a meadow. He was gone all day. When he came back to the car, one of a lowing herd was winding slowly o'er the lea; winding from the direction of the car.

The car had changed. It had no coat. It was bare down to the pristine steel body of itself. Its lacquer and paint were gone. The cow, on a first lick, had tasted salt. But thinly. It required a lot of surface to get enough of it. It required all the surface of the car. With the salt, caked in the dust, the cow's tongue took the lacquer and the paint.

The point of the story is that the automobile owner collected insurance. Or so Agnes says.

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS have gotten replies from as far south as Gonzales!

Golf Tournament At Pebble Beach Tomorrow

Something new to the California golf world, an "honorary" State title, will be at stake Saturday and Sunday when the Northern California Open is played at Pebble Beach.

The "honorary" evolves from the fact that the only Open to be played in California this year is the Northern Open. The State, originally scheduled for Pebble Beach, has been cancelled. Consequently, the champion of this week-end's tournament will be entitled to view himself as a bit more than a mere sectional titlist.

From the northern part of the State will come such names as Jimmy Rea, Mat Palacio and Ernie Pieper, the trio whose three-cornered battle was the show at the Stanford Invitational; Chris Buckley, Jr., Frank Dolp, Ty Cobb, Don and Tom Edwards, the San Jose brothers; Chick Foster and Jimmy French.

Others include Dick Graham, Alameda Commuters' champ; Aldo Galletti, Oak Knoll's Northern California junior champ; Ted Hobgood, Douglas Lewis, George Page, Bob Edgren, Jr., Robert A. Roos, Jr., and Lloyd Simpson.

Pro's whose entries are on file include John Gattini, Bob Clark, Mark Fry, Paul Kessinger, Howard Hawkins, Bill Kynoch, Wes Miller, Harry Obitz, Cam and Henry Puget, and Harold Sampson.

From out-of-state come several threats of real merit. Heading the list is Jack Munger of Dallas, Texas, who went to the semi-finals of the nationals in 1933 and to the quarter-finals last year. George Coleman of Oklahoma, one of the

leaders in that state, also has entered.

Oregon's leading amateur, James O'Connell, is coming down, bringing with him Wendell Wood, pro, also of Eugene. Wheeler Farish, Missouri star, and his barnstorming mate, Sidney Schoenberg, will be on hand. Both are from St. Joseph.

Southern Californians will include Bob Anderson, Bel Air; Frank Mulqueeney, Santa Maria; Captain A. Bullock Webster, state champion in 1924; and Art Roux, La Habra pro.

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RUMMAGE SALE TO BE HELD BY CHURCH

The Community Church rummage sale, which is held every year, will be conducted by the church members the week of August 23 to 28 this year. Members and friends of the church are asked to bring contributions to Mrs. Jessie Askew on San Carlos between Fifth and Sixth on the east side of the street. If you are not able to bring your donations to the sale you may call Miss Frances Farrington at Carmel 783-M and have them called for.

Norman Foster, one of the authors of next week's play at the Golden Bough Green Room, takes the lead in one of the movies which will show at the Monterey Theatre next week. "I Covered China-town" is the film and the play is "The Man With Nine Lives." No connection. The St. James Repertory Company will show a premiere of the play here.

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Frank Wickman and his pupil, Adolph Teichert, left for Oregon after the Bach Festival. They will be there for a month and then on to New York where Wickman will have classes till the first of the year.

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